

## 270 POEMS on several Occasions.

Tortures may force the Tongue Untruths to tell,  
 And I ne'er own'd my self infallible,  
 Reply'd the *Panther*: grant such Presence were,  
 Yet in your Sense I never own'd it there.  
 A real *Virtue* we by Faith receive,  
 And that we in the Sacrament believe.  
 Then said the *Hind*, as you the matter state,  
 Not only *Jesuits* can Equivocate;  
 For *real*, as you now the Word expound,  
 From solid Substance dwindles to a Sound.  
 Methinks an *Æsop's* Fable you repeat;  
 You know who took the Shadow for the Meat:  
 Your Church's Substance thus you change at will,  
 And yet retain your former Figure still.  
 I freely grant you spoke to save your Life;  
 For then you lay beneath the Butcher's Knife.  
 Long time you fought, redoubl'd Batt'ry bore,  
 But, after all, against your self you swore;  
 Your former self: for ev'ry Hour your Form  
 Is chop'd and chang'd, like Winds before a Storm.  
 Thus Fear and Int'rest will prevail with some;  
 For all have not the Gift of Martyrdom.

The *Panther* grin'd at this, and thus reply'd:  
 That Men may err was never yet deny'd.  
 But, if that common Principle be true,  
 The Cannon, Dame, is level'd full at you.  
 But, shunning long Disputes, I fain wou'd see  
 That wond'rous Wight Infallibility.  
 Is he from Heav'n, this mighty Champion, come;  
 Or lodg'd below in Subterranean *Rome*?  
 First, seat him somewhere, and derive his Race,  
 Or else conclude that Nothing has no Place.  
 Suppose (though I disown it) said the *Hind*,  
 The certain Mansion were not yet assign'd: